

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_210401

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OUP—43—30-1-71—5,000

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY PG₂

Call No. 821.8/M112 Accession No. 10045

Author Macaulay, Lord.

Title Lays of ancient Rome.

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

--	--	--	--

Longmans' Class-Books of English Literature

THE
LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME
WITH IVRY AND THE ARMADA

BY
LORD MACAULAY

WITH A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF LORD MACAULAY BY
DAVID SALMON

PRINCIPAL OF THE SWANSEA TRAINING COLLEGE

AND
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
J. W. BARTRAM, M.A.

NEW IMPRESSION

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1916

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION—	
LORD MACAULAY	v
THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.	xi
HORATIUS	1
THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS	22
VIRGINIA	48
THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS	60
IVRY	71
THE ARMADA	74
NOTES	78
QUESTIONS	97

LORD MACAULAY.¹

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothley Temple, near Leicester (the home of his uncle, Thomas Babington), on St. Crispin's Day (25th October), 1800.

He was fortunate in many things but in nothing more than in his parents. His father, Zachary, was the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers who, in lonely Highland manses, had cultivated literature on a little oatmeal. By residence in Jamaica he had learnt what slavery really meant, and the knowledge made him the most persistent opponent of a system which tended to reduce the masters to the level of the brute and to keep the slaves from rising above it. For forty years he devoted most of his time and thought, courage, will, and energy to the service of the negro. "In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favour, and celebrity." ² His house at Clapham was the resort of the Abolitionists ³—of Henry Thornton, William Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, and Granville Sharpe—and those who breathed its bracing moral atmosphere acquired, unconsciously, consideration for the rights and interests of others and hatred for whatever was mean and selfish.

Macaulay's mother, Selina Mills, came from a Quaker stock, and possessed in full measure the Quaker virtues—

¹ The standard biography is *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

² Sir James Stephen in *The Edinburgh Review*.

³ *The Abolitionists*: those members of Parliament and their friends who were anxious to abolish slavery with all its horrors.

serenity, reticence, and sweet reasonableness. Under less wise guidance a child so richly endowed as her first-born would have developed conceit and arrogance; but she, while noting with silent satisfaction every sign of precocity and genius, never let him suspect that she knew his powers to be more than ordinary.

He could read almost as soon as he could speak, and write almost as soon as he could read. At seven he composed a Compendium of Universal History ("and he really contrived to give a tolerably connected view of the leading events from the creation to the present time," says the pleased mother). Before he was eight, fired by Scott's *Lay* and *Marmion*, he began a poem on the Battle of Cheviot, and left off only to begin an epic on Olaus the Great, the mythical ancestor of the Aulays.

After attending for some years a day school kept by Mr. Greaves at Clapham, Macaulay was sent in 1812 to a boarding school kept by Mr. Preston,¹ first at Little Shelford near Cambridge, and afterwards at Aspenden Hall in Hertfordshire. His memory was then and ever remained prodigious. He seemed to take in the meaning of a printed page at a glance, and seemed incapable of forgetting whatever struck his attention. He used to say that if all the copies of *Paradise Lost* and *Pilgrim's Progress* were destroyed he would undertake to reproduce the text from recollection.

In October, 1818, Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, thenceforward next to his home the dearest spot on earth to him. As his diligence was exemplary a brilliant career might have been predicted for him, but a retentive memory was not the first condition of success in Cambridge's most characteristic study. Even he could not find words to express his loathing for Mathematics, which

¹ "Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature is a kind of historical fraud by which honest fame is injuriously diminished."—*Dr. Johnson*.

gave him a daily headache without giving him "one practical truth or beautiful image in return". And though he loved the Classics his exercises lacked the technical perfection achieved by boys who had been trained at the public schools. He therefore did not graduate with honours, although he won certain prizes and was in 1824 elected a Fellow of Trinity.

When Macaulay went to college he did not suppose that he would ever be compelled to earn a living, because his father was then a wealthy man. But while Zachary had been trying to save the negroes his partner had succeeded in ruining his business. Hence the fellowship, ensuring an almost sufficient income for seven years, came most opportunely.

After leaving the University Macaulay read law, but, though he was called to the bar, he never obtained, and apparently never desired to obtain, any briefs. His interests were centred in politics and literature. When he was a boy at school his father and he used to exchange long letters on the questions of the day. Soon after going up to Cambridge he rushed into the thick of an election riot. His ardour was cooled by a dead cat received full in the face. The man who had thrown the beast apologised effusively, saying that it had been meant for Mr. Adeane. "I wish," replied Macaulay, "that you had meant it for me and hit Mr. Adeane."

In the eyes of Zachary Macaulay and his friends the reading of novels was always a folly and sometimes a sin. To *The Christian Observer*, the organ of the "Clapham Sect," as they were called, Macaulay, while still at school, sent an anonymous letter defending the practice. The editor had the candour to insert it, though he did not know that what he was thus publishing had been written by his own son.

In 1823 and 1824 that son wrote a series of bright articles for a magazine started by Charles Knight, the pioneer of the

cheap press, but these were thrown into the shade by the brilliancy of the article on Milton which appeared in *The Edinburgh Review* for August, 1825. The success of this was startling, and subsequent articles in the same quarterly during the next seventeen years served only to increase the writer's fame.

In 1843, pirated editions of the articles having been issued in America, Macaulay consented to their being reprinted in England, although he states in the Preface that but for the piracy he would have refused "to let them appear in a form which might seem to indicate that he thought them worthy of a permanent place in English literature". That the public thought them worthy is proved by the unnumbered editions since issued and the innumerable copies sold.

Still the reluctance of Macaulay was justified, for, though the Essays have added vastly to his reputation with the general reader, they have laid him open to the censure of critics who condemn as literature what was written as journalism. *The Edinburgh Review* was established to promote the interests not of the Muses but of the Whigs. A party journalist is expected to express himself not with the coolness of a judge but with the warmth of an advocate, and every journalist aims at so presenting his case as to arrest the attention, convince the understanding, and impress the memory. Hence, while the origin of the Essays explains their clearness, vigour, antithesis, and epigram, it explains also their occasional lack of balance, exaggeration of statement, excess of ornament, and party bias.

In 1828 Lord Lyndhurst made Macaulay a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and in 1830 Lord Lansdowne made him a member of Parliament. In 1833 he was offered and accepted a seat on the Supreme Council of India. When he returned in 1838 he left behind him as an abiding monument of his ability and industry the Penal Code and the Code of Criminal Procedure.

In 1839 he became M.P. for Edinburgh, was appointed Secretary for War, and began writing the *History*; in 1842 he published *The Lays of Ancient Rome*; in 1846 he was made Paymaster of the Forces, and at the General Election of 1847 Edinburgh rejected him. He had been too much of a Whig to please the Radicals, too much of a Tory to please the Whigs, and he would not sacrifice his independence of thought and action to please anybody. He would always be proud, he told the electors, to think that he once enjoyed their favour; he would remember no less proudly how he risked and how he lost it. In 1852 Edinburgh atoned for her error by returning him unasked. In 1856 failing health obliged him to retire from Parliament, and in 1857 a peerage was conferred on him unsought.

The first and second volumes of the *History* were published in November, 1848. Writing to his sister in October he says: "I have armed myself with all my philosophy for the event of a failure". If he had any need of philosophy it was to bear success not failure. Probably no serious work had ever sold so rapidly in this country. A second edition was wanted in December, another was exhausted before the end of March, and by April there were half a dozen rival pirated editions circulating in the United States.

The third and fourth volumes were published in December, 1855, and sold even more rapidly. Twenty-five thousand copies were ordered before publication, and the cheque for £20,000 which was paid on account in March is still preserved by Messrs. Longmans as a curiosity.

Macaulay died on 28th December, 1859, leaving a fifth volume practically ready, but leaving untouched seven-eighths of the work which he had contemplated.

The popularity of the *History*, which remains unabated to this day, rests on Macaulay's original conception of what history should be, on the skill with which he marshalled his stupendous stores of knowledge, on the graphic and pictur-

esque narrative, and on the clearness of the style.¹ The *History* has the merits of the *Essays* without all their faults. The tone is more judicial; there is less dogmatism, less exaggeration of statement, and less ornamentation; there is (as far as was possible with Macaulay) an absence of party bias, and to say that the matter is as interesting as a novel is to pay a compliment—to novels—which few of them deserve.

Every contemporary who has written of him mentions his marvellous powers of conversation. Tom Moore, for instance, after dining with the Marquis of Lansdowne, writes. "The dinner and evening very agreeable; Macaulay wonderful. Never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvellous a memory." Of his confidence in his own judgment Lord Melbourne once said "I wish that I was as sure of any one thing as Tom Macaulay is of everything". Sydney Smith, himself a great talker, admired Macaulay sincerely, but could not refrain from banter on his flow of words. Before he went to India his enemies might have said that he talked rather too much, "but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful". "Oh, yes!" proceeds Smith, "we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice! Sometimes when I have told a good story I have thought to myself, 'Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!'" Smith also wished that he could write poetry. He would, if he could, write an *Inferno*, and he would put Macaulay among a number of disputants and gag him!

¹ Some Lancashire operatives sent Macaulay a vote of thanks "for having written a history which working men could understand".

THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

WHEN *The Lays of Ancient Rome* were published towards the end of 1842 no critic gave them a more enthusiastic welcome than the famous Christopher North. Yet the mere idea of a master of English prose publishing a volume of verse caused him to ask in surprise: "What! poetry from Macaulay?" The critic knew well enough that poets are born, not made, and that the muses had given the author of the *Lays* no gift of song.

By far the greater portion of Lord Macaulay's writings is in prose. His verse, famous as it is, forms but an insignificant fraction of the whole. Like Pope, the true poet has always "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came," while Macaulay's natural medium for expressing his thoughts was prose. And yet he had naturally an excellent taste in poetry and read it with the greatest eagerness. On one occasion he even boasted that if by any mischance every copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost* should be destroyed, he could replace the whole poem from memory, and we have only to read Macaulay's *Letters and Essays* to see with what zest he devoured poetry of all kinds, written in all kinds of languages, from the noblest masterpieces of the world's literature to the humblest street song.

But of all forms of poetry none appealed to him with greater force than the popular ballad. This may be partly due to the influence of that great magician, Sir Walter Scott, who did so much to revive interest in the national ballads of England and Scotland. When Macaulay was five years of

age Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared and three years later, in 1808, *Marmion*. We read in *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* that the little boy was "so fired with reading Scott's *Lay* and *Marmion*, the former of which he got entirely and the latter almost entirely by heart, merely from his delight in reading them, that he determined on writing himself a poem in six cantos which he called the *Battle of Cheviot*". Even in later life he retained his interest in ballads and "bought every halfpenny song on which he could lay his hands, if only it was decent, and a genuine, undoubted poem of the people," and he left a scrap-book containing about eighty ballads. There is a well-known story of his being followed from the bookstall, where he had bought a parcel of ballads, by a crowd of children whom he overheard discussing among themselves whether or not the gentleman was going to sing.

It may be well to pause a moment to ask what is the nature and meaning of the ballad, seeing that even trivial examples of this style of poem, hawked in the streets, could interest a man like Macaulay.

The ballad is one of the earliest forms of literary composition that took its rise among the people in most civilised countries. These were stories in verse, couched in homely language and composed in simple metres, each telling of some incident in private life or some striking event in the history of the nation. Ballads are, as a rule, divided into a number of stanzas, and another common feature of them is the repetition of several lines called the refrain, though sometimes all that is left of the refrain is a recurring line or phrase and sometimes it has disappeared altogether.

The subject of a ballad was often drawn from legend or romance; in other cases it was founded on some actual occurrence. If the event interested a great number of people and was of national importance the poem was an historical ballad, and from the greater dignity of their subjects the

finest examples of this kind of composition are naturally found among the historical ballads. Wars and battles, loves and hates, crimes, death and the doughty deeds of members of the chief families, as a rule, furnish the theme of these poems. They were often composed before writing was in general use and were handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. These stories of "the brave days of old" were sung or recited at festival or in hall and cottage to beguile the tedium of long winter evenings. The majority of these early ballads have perished though not without leaving many traces behind them.

The wonderful stories of the gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines of ancient Greece, are all supposed to have been sung in single ballads, now lost, before they were strung together in long epic poems, such as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer. Germany, Spain, Iceland, Denmark and many other countries also had early ballads, and in our own country we have in the stories of Robin Hood and Chevy Chase and in other ballads collected by Bishop Percy in 1765 in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* splendid specimens of these quaint old poems. Modern works like Scott's *Lay*, *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* are merely long elaborate ballads produced in a literary age.

The earliest Romans also had their ballads, though none of them have come down to us. It is impossible to read the history of Rome without seeing that the wonderful stories of the times of the kings and of the early republic are fable and poetry rather than sober history. According to the theory supported by the great German historian, Niebuhr, all the early picturesque narratives found, for example, in the first three books of Livy's *History* are founded on the various ballads in which the early traditions of the people were enshrined.

Macaulay himself was firmly convinced of the soundness of this theory, and it is not surprising that he should conceive

the idea of reconstructing these lost ballads, the more so as he had already some years before attempted this form of composition with success in "Ivry," "The Armada," and a number of other martial ballads.

Accordingly he selected four striking episodes from early Roman history: the war against Lars Porsena, the battle of Lake Regillus, the misconduct of the Decemvirs and the war with King Pyrrhus, for the purpose of making his experiment. Two of the *Lays* were written during his residence in India between the years 1834 and 1838. "I amused myself in India," he wrote to a friend, "with trying to restore some of these long-perished poems. Arnold¹ saw two of them and wrote to me in such terms of eulogy that I have been induced to correct and complete them." Soon after his return to England he started on a tour to Italy, and his interest in the project was quickened by an actual visit to many of the spots mentioned in the poems. It is notorious that Macaulay had no appreciation of scenery merely as scenery. His was no artist's eye, but he had read books voraciously all his life, and so great was the power of his memory that the sight of a famous spot at once recalled all the historical events of which it had been the scene, and brought to mind innumerable literary allusions.

Macaulay's letters and journals of the time show how many graphic touches of local colour the *Lays* owe to this tour. Writing some years afterwards his sister, Lady Trevelyan, remarks: "When I followed him over that ground, I am sure that I marked the very turn in the road where the lines struck him:—

" 'From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.'

and so on through 'reedy Thrasymene,' and all the other localities of the poem." In Macaulay's *Journal* is an entry

- Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby School.

dated 13th November, 1838: "My journey lay over the field of Thrasymenus. . . . Towards evening I began to notice the white oxen of Clitumnus."¹ On 14th November: "I saw Mount Soracte";² on 16th November: "I then went towards the river to the spot where the old Pons Sublicius (the 'Pile Bridge') stood, and looked about to see how my Horatius agreed with the topography. Pretty well; but his house must be on Mount Palatine,³ for he would never see Mount Coelius from the spot where he fought."

On his return to London early in 1839 Macaulay completed the poems and devoted much time to polishing and carefully revising them for publication. As an instance of the improvements he was able to effect we can quote:—

"By heaven, he said, yon rebels
Stand manfully at bay."

These lines were altered to:—

"Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay'."

It is obvious how much they gained in vigour by the revision to which they were subjected.

Towards the end of 1842 the *Lays* were ready for publication. Their success was instantaneous. Eighteen thousand copies were sold in the course of ten years, 40,000 in twenty years, and by 1875 the sales had amounted to 100,000 copies, and the poems have taken rank as an English classic.

We have seen that Macaulay was no born poet, yet the *Lays* possess considerable merit merely considered as poetry. Their language is clear, vigorous and picturesque. As in his prose writings Macaulay is able to present his readers with a series of vivid pictures, because he is so quick to form a clear conception of the essential points of his subject for himself.

¹ Clitumnus. See stanza 7 of "Horatius".

² Soracte. See stanza 13 of "The Battle of Lake Regillus".

³ Mount Palatine. See stanza 58 of "Horatius".

In fact this graphic power is one of the leading features of his style.

As we should expect when an essayist and historian takes to writing verse, there are in the *Lays* no subtle poetic thoughts, no exquisite choice of words and no single lines or phrases over which one is compelled to linger to enjoy their full flavour. As Leigh Hunt put it: "His verses want the true poetical aroma which breathes from Spenser's *Faery Queen*". The beauty of the poems consists rather in the spirit and animation of the whole. Each ballad, therefore, should be read as a whole to be fully enjoyed.

Throughout the *Lays* the author's sympathies are evidently with the plebeians and their tribunes. We may note too in "Virginia" the skill with which the crowd in the Forum is drawn, and cannot help being reminded that Macaulay was a keen politician and that as writer, member of Parliament, and Minister of the Crown, he was a strong and consistent Liberal.

If there is any lesson to be drawn from the poems it is that of civic patriotism. A manly love of country is the pervading spirit. In "Horatius" we see the dauntless three fighting bravely for their fatherland. The battle of Lake Regillus is fought in the cause of freedom to prevent the return of the exiled tyrant. "Virginia" shows us the people resisting the unworthy oppression of a ruling caste. In "The Prophecy of Capys" the honour of the fatherland is upheld against the insolence of the Tarentines and their ally Pyrrhus, and the same patriotic spirit breathes in "Ivry" and "The Armada," in modern France and England, as well as in ancient Rome.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCLX.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in again

From many a stately market-place ;
From many a fruitful plain ;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine ;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From seagirt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams Clitumnus
Is to the herdsman dear ;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill ;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill ;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer ;
 Unharmed the water fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap ;
 This year, young boys in Umbro
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
 The wisest of the land,
 Who alway by Lars Porsena
 Both morn and evening stand :
 Evening and morn the Thirty
 Have turned the verses o'er,
 Traced from the right on linen white
 By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the Thirty
 Have their glad answer given :
 " Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
 Go forth beloved of Heaven ;

Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome ;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome "

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally ;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days

XIV.

For aged folks on crutches,
 And women great with child,
 And mothers sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smiled,
 And sick men borne in litters
 High on the necks of slaves,
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
 Laden with skins of wine,
 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
 And endless herds of kine,
 And endless trains of waggons
 That creaked beneath the weight
 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
 Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
 The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
 The Fathers of the City,
 They sat all night and day,
 For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan hands;
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovescote
 In Crustumarium stands.

Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain

XVIII.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council standing,
Before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly :
“ The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town ”.

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear ;
“ To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul
Lars Porsena is here ”.
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer

Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.

And plainly and more plainly

Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,

Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly

Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall
And darkly at the foe.
" Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? "

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII.

“ And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

XXIX

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ? ”

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 “ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee ”.
 And out spake strong Herminius ;
 Of Titian blood was he :
 “ I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee ”.

XXXI.

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life.
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ,
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great :
Then lands were fairly portioned :
Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold :
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe :

And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above.
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

XXXVII.

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,

Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath :
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth :
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust ;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three ;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea ;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns :
Lartius laid Ocnus low :
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
" Lie there," he cried, " fell pirate !
No more, aghast and pale,

From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius,
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh :
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,

And thrice and four times tugged amain
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here!
 What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
 A sullen murmur ran,
 Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
 Along that glittering van.
 There lacked not men of prowess,
 Nor men of lordly race;
 For all Etruria's noblest
 Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
 Felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses,
 In the path the dauntless Three:
 And, from the ghastly entrance
 Where those bold Romans stood,
 All shrank, like boys who unaware,
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
 To lead such dire attack:
 But those behind cried "Forward!"
 And those before cried "Back!"

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three.
And they gave him greeting loud.
“ Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome.”

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread :
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“ Come back, come back, Horatius ! ”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall ! ”

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius,
 Herminius darted back :
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack.
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more.

I.V.

But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream :
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And, like a horse unbroken
 When first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard,
 And tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded,
 Rejoicing to be free,
 And whirling down, in fierce career,
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind,
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus.

With a smile on his pale face.

"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena.

"Now yield thee to our grace."

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning

Those craven ranks to see;

Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,

To Sextus nought spake he;

But he saw on Palatinus

The white porch of his home;

And he spake to the noble river

That rolls by the towers of Rome

LIX.

"O, Tiber! father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,

Take thou in charge this day!

So he spake, and speaking sheathed

The good sword by his side,

And with his harness on his back,

Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow

Was heard from either bank;

But friends and foes in dumb surprise,

With parted lips and straining eyes

Stood gazing where he sank;

And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,

All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,

And even the ranks of Tuscany

Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
 Swollen high by months of rain :
 And fast his blood was flowing ;
 And he was sore in pain,
 And heavy with his armour,
 And spent with changing blows :
 And oft they thought him sinking,
 But still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place :
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bore bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus ;
 “Will not the villain drown ?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town !”
 “Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore ;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom ;
 Now on dry earth he stands ;
 Now round him throng the Fathers
 To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscean home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit ;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom ;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX, ON THE
IDES OF QUINTILIS, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI

I.

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note !
Ho, lictors, clear the way !
The Knights will ride, in all their pride
Along the streets to-day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
With olive each is crowned ;
A gallant war-horse under each
Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,
While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends :
December's Nones are gay :
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
Shall be Rome's whitest day.

II.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
We keep this solemn feast.

Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
Came spurring from the east.
They came o'er wild Parthenius
Tossing in waves of pine,
O'er Cirrha's dome, o'er Adria's foam,
O'er purple Apennine,
From where with flutes and dances
Their ancient mansion rings,
In lordly Lacedæmon
The City of two kings,
To where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green :
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks.
Upon the turf by the Fair Fount
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle ;
The hunter twangs his bow ;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets pealed ;
How in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war-horse reeled ;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,

To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings :
How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height ;
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight ;
And how the Lake Regillus
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

IV.

But, Roman, when thou standest
Upon that holy ground,
Look thou with heed on the dark rock
That girds the dark lake round,
So shalt thou see a hoof-mark
Stamped deep into the flint :
It was no hoof of mortal steed
That made so strange a dint :
There to the Great Twin Brethren
Vow thou thy vows, and pray
That they, in tempest and in fight
Will keep thy head alway.

V.

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes were seen,
Have years gone by an hundred
And fourscore and thirteen.
That summer a Virginius
Was Consul first in place ;
The second was stout Aulus,
Of the Posthumian race.

The Herald of the Latines
From Gabii came in state :
The Herald of the Latines
Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate :
The Herald of the Latines
Did in our Forum stand ;
And there he did his office,
A sceptre in his hand.

VI.

"Hear, Senators and people
Of the good town of Rome
The Thirty Cities charge you
To bring the Tarquins home :
And if ye still be stubborn,
To work the Tarquins wrong,
The Thirty Cities warn you,
Look that your walls be strong."

VII.

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
He spake a bitter jest :
"Once the jays sent a message
Unto the eagle's nest :—
Now yield thou up thine eyrie
Unto the carrion-kite,
Or come forth valiantly, and face
The jays in deadly fight.—
Forth looked in wrath the eagle ;
And carrion-kite and jay,
Soon as they saw his beak and claw.
Fled screaming far away."

VIII.

The Herald of the Latines
Hath hied him back in state :

The Fathers of the City
Are met in high debate.
Then spake the elder Consul,
An ancient man and wise :
“ Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,
To that which I advise.
In seasons of great peril
'Tis good that one bear sway :
Then choose we a Dictator,
Whom all men shall obey.
Camerium knows how deeply
The sword of Aulus bites,
And all our city calls him
The man of seventy fights.
Then let him be Dictator
For six months and no more,
And have a Master of the Knights,
And axes twenty-four.”

IX.

So Aulus was Dictator,
The man of seventy fights ;
He made Æbutius Elva
His Master of the Knights.
On the third morn thereafter,
At dawning of the day,
Did Aulus and Æbutius
Set forth with their array.
Sempronius Atratinus
Was left in charge at home
With boys, and with grey-headed men.
To keep the walls of Rome.
Hard by the Lake Regillus
Our camp was pitched at night :

Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
Under the Porcian height.
Far over hill and valley
Their mighty host was spread ;
And with their thousand watch-fires
The midnight sky was red.

X.

Up rose the golden morning
Over the Porcian height,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
Marked evermore with white.
Not without secret trouble
Our bravest saw the foes ;
For girt by threescore thousand spears,
The thirty standards rose.
From every warlike city
That boasts the Latian name,
Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
That gallant army came ;
From Setia's purple vineyards,
From Norba's ancient wall,
From the white streets of Tusculum,
The proudest town of all ;
From where the Witch's Fortress
O'erhangs the dark-blue seas ;
From the still glassy lake that sleeps
Beneath Aricia's trees—
Those trees in whose dim shadow
The ghastly priest doth reign,
The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain ;
From the drear banks of Ufens,
Where flights of marsh-fowl play,

And buffaloes lie wallowing
Through the hot summer's day ;
From the gigantic watch-towers,
No work of earthly men,
Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen ;
From the Laurentian jungle,
The wild hog's reedy home ;
From the green steeps whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam.

XI.

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
Velitræ, with the might
Of Setia and of Tusculum,
Were marshalled on the right :
The leader was Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
Upon his head a helmet
Of red gold shone like flame :
High on a gallant charger
Of dark-grey hue he rode :
Over his gilded armour
A vest of purple flowed,
Woven in the land of sunrise
By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
And by the sails of Carthage brought
Far o'er the southern waters.

. XII.

Lavinium and Laurentum
Had on the left their post,
With all the banners of the marsh.
And banners of the coast.

Their leader was false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame :
With restless pace and haggard face
 To his last field he came.
Men said he saw strange visions
 Which none beside might see ;
And that strange sounds were in his ears
 Which none might hear but he.
A woman fair and stately,
 But pale as are the dead,
Oft through the watches of the night
 Sat spinning by his bed.
And as she plied the distaff,
 In a sweet voice and low,
She sang of great old houses,
 And fights fought long ago.
So spun she, and so sang she,
 Until the east was grey,
Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
 And shrieked, and fled away.

XIII.

But in the centre thickest
 Were ranged the shields of foes,
And from the centre loudest
 The cry of battle rose.
There Tibur marched and Penum
 Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
And Ferentinum of the rock,
 And Gabii of the pool.
There rode the Volscian succours :
 There, in a dark stern ring,
The Roman exiles gathered close
 Around the ancient king.

Though white as Mount Soracte,
When winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt
His heart and hand were strong :
Under his hoary eyebrows
Still flashed forth quenchless rage :
And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
'Twas more with hate than age.
Close at his side was Titus
On an Apulian steed,
Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
Too good for such a breed.

XIV.

Now on each side the leaders
Give signal for the charge ;
And on each side the footmen
Strode on with lance and targe :
And on each side the horsemen
Struck their spurs deep in gore
And front to front the armies
Met with a mighty roar :
And under that great battle
The earth with blood was red ;
And, like the Pomptine fog at morn
The dust hung overhead ;
And louder still and louder
Rose from the darkened field
The braying of the war-horns,
The clang of sword and shield,
The rush of squadrons sweeping
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain,
The shouting of the slayers,
And screeching of the slain.

XV.

False Sextus rode out foremost ;
His look was high and bold ;
His corslet was of bison's hide,
Plated with steel and gold.
As glares the famished eagle
From the Digentian rock
On a choice lamb that bounds alone
Before Bandusia's flock,
Herminius glared on Sextus,
And came with eagle speed,
Herminius on black Auster,
Brave champion on brave steed,
In his right hand the broadsword
That kept the bridge so well,
And on his helm the crown he won
When proud Fidenæ fell.
Woe to the maid whose lover
Shall cross his path to-day !
False Sextus saw, and trembled,
And turned, and fled away.
As turns, as flies, the woodman
In the Calabrian brake,
When through the reeds gleams the round eye
Of that fell speckled snake ;
So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
And hid him in the rear,
Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
Bristling with crest and spear.

XVI.

But far to north Æbutius,
The Master of the Knights,
Gave Tubero of Norba
To feed the Porcian kites.

Next under those red horse-hoofs
Flaccus of Setia lay ;
Better had he been pruning
Among his elms that day.
Mamilius saw the slaughter,
And tossed his golden crest,
And towards the Master of the Knights
Through the thick battle pressed.
Æbutius smote Mamilius
So fiercely on the shield
That the great lord of Tusculum
Well nigh rolled on the field.
Mamilius smote Æbutius,
With a good aim and true,
Just where the neck and shoulder join,
And pierced him through and through ;
And brave Æbutius Elva
Fell swooning to the ground.
But a thick wall of bucklers
Encompassed him around.
His clients from the battle
Bare him some little space,
And filled a helm from the dark lake,
And bathed his brow and face ;
And when at last he opened
His swimming eyes to light,
Men say, the earliest word he spake
Was, " Friends, how goes the fight ? "

XVII.

But meanwhile in the centre
Great deeds of arms were wrought ;
There Aulus the Dictator
And there Valerius fought.

Aulus with his good broadsword
A bloody passage cleared
To where, amidst the thickest foes,
He saw the long white beard.
Flat lighted that good broadsword
Upon proud Tarquin's head.
He dropped the lance : he dropped the reins :
He fell as fall the dead.
Down Aulus springs to slay him,
With eyes like coals of fire ;
But faster Titus hath sprung down,
And hath bestrode his sire.
Latian captains, Roman knights,
Fast down to earth they spring,
And hand to hand they fight on foot
Around the ancient king.
First Titus gave tall Cæso
A death wound in the face ;
Tall Cæso was the bravest man
Of the brave Fabian race :
Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
The priest of Juno's shrine :
Valerius smote down Julius,
Of Rome's great Julian line ;
Julius, who left his mansion
High on the Velian hill,
And through all turns of weal and woe
Followed proud Tarquin still.
Now right across proud Tarquin
A corpse was Julius laid ;
And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
And at Valerius made.
Valerius struck at Titus,
And lopped off half his crest ;
But Titus stabbed Valerius

A span deep in the breast.
Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
Valerius reeled and fell.
Ah ! woe is me for the good house
That loves the people well !
Then shouted loud the Latines ;
And with one rush they bore
The struggling Romans backward
Three lances' length and more :
And up they took proud Tarquin,
And laid him on a shield,
And four strong yeomen bare him,
Still senseless, from the field.

XVIII.

But fiercer grew the fighting
Around Valerius dead ;
For Titus dragged him by the foot,
And Aulus by the head.
“ On, Latines, on ! ” quoth Titus,
“ See how the rebels fly ! ”
“ Romans, stand firm ! ” quoth Aulus,
“ And win this fight or die !
They must not give Valerius
To raven and to kite ;
For aye Valerius loathed the wrong,
And aye upheld the right :
And for your wives and babies
In the front rank he fell.
Now play the men for the good house
That loves the people well ! ”

XIX.

Then tenfold round the body
The roar of battle rose.

Like the roar of a burning forest,
When a strong north wind blows.
Now backward, and now forward,
Rocked furiously the fray,
Till none could see Valerius,
And none wist where he lay.
For shivered arms and ensigns
Were heaped there in a mound,
And corpses stiff, and dying men
That writhed and gnawed the ground ;
And wounded horses kicking,
And snorting purple foam :
Right well did such a couch befit
A Consular of Rome.

XX.

But north looked the Dictator ;
North looked he long and hard ;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
The Captain of his Guard :
“ Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight ;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right ? ”

XXI

Then answered Caius Cossus
“ I see an evil sight ;
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right ;
I see the plumed horsemen ;
And far before the rest
I see the dark-grey charger,
I see the purple vest ;

I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame ;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name."

XXII.

" Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
Spring on thy horse's back ;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track ;
Haste to our southward battle :
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come again."

XXIII.

So Aulus spake, and turned him
Again to that fierce strife ;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
And rode for death and life.
Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
The helmets of the dead,
And many a curdling pool of blood
Splashed him from heel to head.
So came he far to southward,
Where fought the Roman host,
Against the banners of the marsh
And banners of the coast.
Like corn before the sickle
The stout Lavinians fell,
Beneath the edge of the true sword
That kept the bridge so well.

XXIV.

" Herminius ! Aulus greets thee ;
He bids thee come with speed,

To help our central battle ;
 For sore is there our need.
There wars the youngest Tarquin,
 And there the Crest of Flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen fighting
 In front of our array ;
And Aulus of the seventy fields
 Alone upholds the day."

XXV.

Herminius beat his bosom :
 But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane :
 He gave the reins a shake,
Away, away went Auster,
 Like an arrow from the bow :
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
 From Aufidus to Po.

XXVI.

Right glad were all the Romans
 Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
 Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
 Rose with a mighty swell ;
" Herminius comes, Herminius,
 Who kept the bridge so well ! "

XXVII.

Mamilius spied Herminius,
 And dashed across the way.
" Herminius ! I have sought thee
 Through many a bloody day

One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home.
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome !”

XXVIII.

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and grey.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast ;
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head ;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore ;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

XXIX.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-grey charger fled :
He burst through ranks of fighting men ;
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined ;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.

Through many a startled hamlet
 Thundered his flying feet ;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
 He rushed up the long white street ;
He rushed by tower and temple,
 And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
 In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
 A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
 Brake forth, and wailing loud :
And women rent their tresses
 For their great prince's fall ;
And old men girt on their old swords.
 And went to man the wall.

XXX.

But, like a graven image,
 Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
 Into his master's face.
The raven mane that daily,
 With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed
 And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
 From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
 In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
 And seized black Auster's rein.
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
 And ran at him again.

“The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride !”
As on an Alpine watch-tower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The blade of Aulus came :
And out the red blood spouted,
In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
Of some rich Capuan’s hall.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.

XXXI.

And Aulus the Dictator
Stroked Auster’s raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths,
With heed unto the rein.
“Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array ;
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day”.

XXXII.

So spake he ; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster’s band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.
So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know :

White as snow their armour was ;
 Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armour gleam ;
And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII.

And all who saw them trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek ;
And Aulus the Dictator
 Scarce gathered voice to speak.
“ Say by what name men call you ?
 What city is your home ?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
 Before the ranks of Rome ? ”

XXXIV.

“ By many names men call us ;
 In many lands we dwell :
Well Samothracia knows us ;
 Cyrene knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum
 Is hung each morn with flowers :
High o'er the masts of Syracuse
 Our marble portal towers ;
But by the proud Eurotas
 Is our dear native home ;
And for the right we come to fight
 Before the ranks of Rome.”

XXXV.

So answered those strange horsemen,
 And each couched low his spear ;
And forthwith all the ranks of Rome
 Were bold, and of good cheer :

And on the thirty armies
Came wonder and affright,
And Ardea wavered on the left,
And Cora on the right.
"Rome to the charge!" cried Aulus;
"The foe begins to yield!
Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
Charge for the Golden Shield!
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay;
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day."

XXXVI.

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose,
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.
Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay:
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker lay the slain;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-tin
Upon the Celtic plain:
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.

Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow,
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head :
And fast fled Ferentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray ;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away.
And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum,
That never stooped before :
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks
From where the apple blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks,
And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids,
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids,
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer,
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer ;
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel :

And fliers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass ;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

XXXVII.

Sompronius Atratinus
Sate in the Eastern Gate,
Beside him were three Fathers,
Each in his chair of state ;
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons
That day were in the field,
And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve
Who kept the Golden Shield ;
And Sergius, the High Pontiff,
For wisdom far renowned ;
In all Etruria's colleges
Was no such Pontiff found.
And all around the portal,
And high above the wall,
Stood a great throng of people,
But sad and silent all ;
Young lads, and stooping elders
That might not bear the mail,
Matrons with lips that quivered,
And maids with faces pale.
Since the first gleam of daylight,
Sempronius had not ceased
To listen for the rushing
Of horse-hoofs from the east.
The mist of eve was rising,
The sun was hastening down,
When he was aware of a princely pair
Fast pricking towards the town.

So like they were, man never
Saw twins so like before ;
Red with gore their armour was,
Their steeds were red with gore.

XXXVIII.

“ Hail to the great Asylum !
Hail to the hill-tops seven !
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from heaven !
This day, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum
Was fought a glorious fight.
To-morrow your Dictator
Shall bring in triumph home
The spoils of thirty cities
To deck the shrines of Rome ! ”

XXXIX.

Then burst from that great concourse
A shout that shook the towers,
And some ran north, and some ran south
Crying, “ The day is ours ! ”
But on rode these strange horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace ;
And none who saw their bearing
Durst ask their name or race.
On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel-boughs and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows.
Fell on their crests in showers.
When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,

And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta's fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta's door ;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.

XL.

And all the people trembled,
And pale grew every cheek ;
And Sergius the High Pontiff
Alone found voice to speak :
“ The gods who live for ever
Have fought for Rome to-day !
These be the Great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.
Back comes the Chief in triumph,
Who, in the hour of fight,
Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven,
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails.
Wherefore they washed their horses
In Vesta's holy well,
Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
I know, but may not tell.
Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight,

The proud Ides of Quintilis,
 Marked evermore with white,
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
 Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
 With music and with song ;
And let the doors and windows
 Be hung with garlands all,
And let the knights be summoned
 To Mars without the wall :
Thence let them ride in purple
 With joyous trumpet-sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
 And each with olive crowned ;
And pass in solemn order
 Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
 Who fought so well for Rome."

VIRGINIA

FRAGMENTS OF A LAY SUNG IN THE FORUM ON THE DAY
WHEREON LUCIUS SEXTIUS SEXTINUS LATERANUS AND
CAIUS LICINIUS CALVUS STOLO WERE ELECTED TRIBUNES
OF THE COMMONS THE FIFTH TIME, IN THE YEAR OF
THE CITY CCCLXXXII.

YE good men of the Commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold Tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may
bear.

This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine, 5
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here, in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done.
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare 10
sway

Of all the wicked Ten still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Ten Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride :
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side ;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance 15
with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth, which always seemed
to sneer

That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, marks all the kindred
still ;

For never was there Claudius yet but wished the Commons ill :
Nor lacks he fit attendance ; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus
steals,

His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may, 5
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may
say.

Such varlets pimp and jest for hire among the lying Greeks :
Such varlets still are paid to hoot when brave Licinius speaks.
Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd ;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud ; 10
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see ;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy
sky,
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her
arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of 15
shame or harm ;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze
of man ;
And up the Sacred Street she turned, and, as she danced
along,
She warbled gaily to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp, 20
And found Lucrece, combing the fleece, under the midnight
lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning
light ;

And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet
 young face,
 And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race,
 And all along the Forum, and up the Sacred Street,
 His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

.

Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke ; 5
 From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths
 of smoke :

The city-gates were opened ; the Forum all alive,
 With buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive :
 Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was
 ringing,

And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing, 10
 And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home :
 Ah ! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome !
 With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
 Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of
 shame or harm.

She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay, 15
 And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
 When up the varlet Marcus came ; not such as when ere-
 while

He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client
 smile :

He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and
 clenched fist,

And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the 20
 wrist.

Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look
 aghast ;

And at her scream from right and left the folk came running
 fast ;

The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs,

And Hanno from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares,
 And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand,
 And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand.
 All came in wrath and wonder ; for all knew that fair child ;
 And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands 5
 and smiled ;

And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
 The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
 Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell
 tone,

“ She’s mine, and I will have her : I seek but for mine own :
 She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold, 10
 The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
 ’Twas in the sad September, the month of wail and fright,
 Two augurs were borne forth that morn ; the Consul died ere
 night.

I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire :
 Let him who works the client wrong beware the patron’s ire ! ” 15

So spake the varlet Marcus ; and dread and silence came
 On all the people at the sound of the great Claudian name.
 For then there was no Tribune to speak the word of might,
 Which makes the rich man tremble, and guards the poor
 man’s right.

There was no brave Licinius, no honest Sextius then ; 20
 But all the city, in great fear, obeyed the wicked Ten.
 Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
 Who clung tight to Muræna’s skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked
 for aid,

Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
 And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his 25
 breast,

And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
 Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are
 hung,

And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake
to hear.

“Now, by your children’s cradles, now by your fathers’
graves,

Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!

For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece 5
bleed?

For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin’s evil
seed?

For this did those false sons make red the axes of their siro?

For this did Scævola’s right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?

Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion’s
den?

Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked 10
Ten?

Oh for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate’s will!

Oh for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill.

In those brave days our fathers stood firmly side by side;

They faced the Marcian fury; they tamed the Fabian pride:

They drove the fiercest Quinctius an outcast forth from Rome; 15

They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.

But what their care bequeathed us our madness flung away:

All the ripe fruit of threescore years was blighted in a day.

Exult, ye proud Patricians! The hard-fought fight is o’er.

We strove for honours—’twas in vain: for freedom—’tis no 20
more.

No crier to the polling summons the eager throng;

No tribune breathes the word of might that guards the weak
from wrong.

Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your
will.

Riches, and lands, and power, and state—ye have them:—
keep them still.

Still keep the holy fillets ; still keep the purple gown,
 The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown :
 Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
 Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords
 have won.

Still, like a spreading ulcer, which leech-craft may not cure, 5
 Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor.
 Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore ;
 Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore ;
 No fire when Tiber freezes ; no air in dog-star heat ;
 And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born 10
 feet.

Heap heavier still the fetters ; bar closer still the grate ;
 Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
 But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
 Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love !
 Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs 15
 From Consuls, and High Pontiffs, and ancient Alban kings ?
 Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet,
 Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wonder
 ing street,
 Who in Corinthian mirrors their own proud smiles behold,
 And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold ? 20
 Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
 The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
 The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
 The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
 Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride ; 25
 Still let the bridegroom's arms infold an unpolluted bride.
 Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
 That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to
 flame,
 Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
 And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the 30
 wretched dare."

.

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and
 hide,

Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
 Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
 Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down : 5
 Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to
 swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet
 child! Farewell!

Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
 To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee? 10
 And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
 My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
 And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
 And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my
 gown!

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways, 15
 Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
 And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
 Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
 The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls, 20
 Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
 And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
 The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this
 way!

See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the
 prey!

With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned betrayed, 25
 bereft,

Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
 He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
 Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the
 slave ;
 Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
 Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never 5
 know.
 Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one
 more kiss ;
 And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this. ”
 With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
 And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath ; 10
 And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death ;
 And in another moment brake forth from one and all
 A cry as if the Volscians were coming o’er the wall.
 Some with averted faces shrieking fled home again ;
 Some ran to call a leech ; and some ran to lift the slain : 15
 Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found ;
 And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch
 the wound.
 In vain they ran, and felt, and stanch’d ; for never truer
 blow
 That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian
 foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and 20
 sank down,
 And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown,
 Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
 And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on
 high.
 “ Oh ! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
 By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain 25

And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line ! ”
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way ;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with stead- 5
fast feet,

Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius : “ Stop him ; alive or dead !
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his
head.”

He looked upon his clients ; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors ; but they trembled, and stood still. 10
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left.
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in
Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side, 15
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing
tide ;

And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down. 20
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and
sneer,

And in the Claudian note he cried, “ What doth this rabble
here ?

Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they
stray ?

Ho ! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse
away ! ”

The voice of grief and fury till then had not been loud ; 25
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,

Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the
deep,

Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half-aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeoman all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the
throng,

Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin, 5
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.

The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate,
Were heard beyond the Pincian Hill, beyond the Latin Gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train

Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain, 10
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers and black
frowns,

And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.

'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden
lay,

Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that
day.

Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from 15
their heads,

With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.

Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his
cheek ;

And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove
to speak ;

And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell ;

" See, see, thou dog ! what thou hast done ; and hide thy 20
shame in hell !

Thou that wouldst make our maidens slaves must first make
slaves of men.

Tribunes ! Hurrah for Tribunes ! Down with the wicked Ten ! "

And straightway, thick as hailstones, came whizzing through
the air,

Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair :

And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came,
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.
Though the great houses love us not, we own, to do them right,
That the great houses, all save one, have borne them well in
fight.

Still Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs, 5
His vengeance and his mercy, live in our camp-fire songs.
Beneath the yoke of Furius oft have Gaul and Tuscan bowed ;
And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud.
But evermore a Claudius shrinks from a stricken field,
And changes colour like a maid at sight of sword and shield. 10
The Claudian triumphs all were won within the city towers ;
The Claudian yoke was never pressed on any necks but ours.
A Cossus, like a wild cat, springs ever at the face ;
A Fabius rushes like a boar against the shouting chase ;
But the vile Claudian litter, raging with currish spite, 15
Still yelps and snaps at those who run, still runs from those
who smite.

So now 'twas seen of Appius. When stones began to fly,
He shook, and crouched, and wrung his hands, and smote upon
his thigh.

"Kind clients, honest lictors, stand by me in this fray !
Must I be torn in pieces ? Home, home, the nearest way ! " 20
While yet he spake, and looked around with a bewildered stare,
Four sturdy lictors put their necks beneath the curule chair ;
And fourscore clients on the left, and fourscore on the right,
Arrayed themselves with swords and staves, and loins girt up for
fight.

But, though without or staff or sword, so furious was the throng, 25
That scarce the train with might and main could bring their lord
along.

Twelve times the crowd made at him ; five times they seized his
gown ;

Small chance was his to rise again, if once they got him down :
And sharper came the pelting ; and evermore the yell—

“Tribunes ! we will have Tribunes !”—rose with a louder swell :
And the chair tossed as tosses a bark with tattered sail
When raves the Adriatic beneath an eastern gale,
When the Calabrian sea-marks are lost in clouds of spume,
And the great Thunder-Cape has donned his veil of inky gloom. 5
One stone hit Appius in the mouth, and one beneath the ear ;
And ere he reached Mount Palatine, he swooned with pain and
fear.

His cursed head, that he was wont to hold so high with pride,
Now, like a drunken man’s, hung down, and swayed from side to
side ;

And when his stout retainers had brought him to his door, 10
His face and neck were all one cake of filth and clotted gore.
As Appius Claudius was that day, so may his grandson be !
God send Rome one such other sight, and send me there to see !

.

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS.

A LAY SUNG AT THE BANQUET IN THE CAPITOL, ON THE DAY
WHEREON MANIUS CURIUS DENTATUS, A SECOND TIME
CONSUL, TRIUMPHED OVER KING PYRRHUS AND THE
TARENTINES, IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLXXIX.

I.

Now slain is King Amulius,
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.
Slain is the Pontiff Camers,
Who spake the words of doom :
“ The children to the Tiber ;
The mother to the tomb.”

II.

In Alba's lake no fisher
His net to-day is flinging .
On the dark rind of Alba's oaks
To-day no axe is ringing :
The yoke hangs o'er the manger :
The scythe lies in the hay :
Through all the Alban villages
No work is done to-day.

III.

And every Alban burgher
Hath donned his whitest gown ;

And every head in Alba
 Weareth a poplar crown ;
And every Alban door-post
 With boughs and flowers is gay :
For to-day the dead are living ;
 The lost are found to-day.

IV.

They were doomed by a bloody king :
 They were doomed by a lying priest :
They were cast on the raging flood :
 They were tracked by the raging beast :
Raging beast and raging flood
 Alike have spared the prey ;
And to-day the dead are living :
 The lost are found to-day.

V.

The troubled river knew them,
 And smoothed his yellow foam,
And gently rocked the cradle
 That bore the fate of Rome.
The ravening she-wolf knew them,
 And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk
 Rich with raw flesh and gore.
Twenty winters, twenty springs,
 Since then have rolled away ;
And to-day the dead are living :
 The lost are found to-day.

VI.

Blithe it was to see the twins,
 Right goodly youths and tall,
Marching from Alba Longa
 To their old grandsire's hall.

Along their path fresh garlands
Are hung from tree to tree :
Before them stride the pipers,
Piping a note of glee.

VII.

On the right goes Romulus,
With arms to the elbows red,
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head—
A head in an iron helmet,
With horse-hair hanging down.
A shaggy head, a swarthy head,
Fixed in a ghastly frown—
The head of King Amulius
Of the great Sylvian line,
Who reigned in Alba Longa,
On the throne of Aventine.

VIII.

On the left side goes Remus,
With wrists and fingers red,
And in his hand a boar-spear,
And on the point a head—
A wrinkled head and aged,
With silver beard and hair
And holy fillets round it,
Such as the pontiffs wear—
The head of ancient Camers,
Who spake the words of doom :
“The children to the Tiber ;
The mother to the tomb.”

IX.

Two and two behind the twins
Their trusty comrades go,

Four and forty valiant men,
 With club, and axe, and bow.
On each side every hamlet
 Pours forth its joyous crowd,
Shouting lads and baying dogs,
 And children laughing loud,
And old men weeping fondly
 As Rhea's boys go by,
And maids who shriek to see the heads,
 Yet, shrieking, press more nigh.

X.

So they marched along the lake ;
 They marched by fold and stall,
By corn-field and by vineyard,
 Unto the old man's hall.

XI.

In the hall-gate sate Capys,
 Capys, the sightless seer ;
From head to foot he trembled
 As Romulus drew near.
And up stood stiff his thin white hair,
 And his blind eyes flashed fire :
"Hail ! foster child of the wonderous nurse !
 Hail ! son of the wonderous sire !

XII.

"But thou—what dost thou here
 In the old man's peaceful hall ?
What doth the eagle in the coop,
 The bison in the stall ?
Our corn fills many a garner ;
 Our vines clasp many a tree ;
Our flocks are white on many a hill
 But these are not for thee.

XIII.

“ For thee no treasure ripens
 In the Tartessian mine :
For thee no ship brings precious bales
 Across the Libyan brine :
Thou shalt not drink from amber ;
 Thou shalt not rest on down ;
Arabia shall not steep thy locks,
 Nor Sidon tinge thy gown.

XIV.

“ Leave gold and myrrh and jewels,
 Rich table and soft bed,
To them who of man’s seed are born,
 Whom woman’s milk has fed.
Thou wast not made for lucre,
 For pleasure, nor for rest ;
Thou, that art sprung from the War-god’s loins
 And hast tugged at the she-wolf’s breast.

XV.

“ From sunrise unto sunset
 All earth shall hear thy fame :
A glorious city thou shalt build,
 And name it by thy name :
And there, unquenched through ages,
 Like Vesta’s sacred fire,
Shall live the spirit of thy nurse,
 The spirit of thy sire.

, XVI.

“ The ox toils through the furrow,
 Obedient to the goad ;
The patient ass, up flinty paths,
 Plods with his weary load :

With whine and bound the spaniel
His master's whistle hears ;
And the sheep yields her patiently
To the loud clashing shears.

XVII.

“ But thy nurse will hear no master ;
Thy nurse will bear no load ;
And woe to them that shear her,
And woe to them that goad !
When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds.

XVIII.

“ Pomona loves the orchard ;
And Liber loves the vine ;
And Pales loves the straw-built shed
Warm with the breath of kine ;
And Venus loves the whispers
Of plighted youth and maid,
In April's ivory moonlight
Beneath the chestnut shade.

XIX.

“ But thy father loves the clashing
Of broadsword and of shield :
He loves to drink the steam that reeks
From the fresh battle-field :
He smiles a smile more dreadful
Than his own dreadful frown,
When he sees the thick black cloud of smoke
Go up from the conquered town.

XX

“ And such as is the War-god,
The author of thy line,
And such as she who suckled thee,
Even such be thou and thine.
Leave to the soft Campanian
His baths and his perfumes ;
Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
Their dyeing-vats and looms :
Leave to the sons of Carthage
The rudder and the oar :
Leave to the Greek his marble Nymphs
And scrolls of wordy lore.

XXI.

“ Thine, Roman, is the pilum :
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion’s ordered line ;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which with their laurelled train
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove’s eternal fane.

XXII.

“ Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall vail his lofty brow :
Soft Capua’s curled revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow :
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see ;
And the proud Samnite’s heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

XXIII.

“The Gaul shall come against thee
From the land of snow and night ;
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

XXIV.

“The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East.
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge earth-shaking beast,
The beast on whom the castle
With all its guards doth stand,
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close with shield and spear ;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
Are glittering in the rear.

XXV.

“The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly :
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die :
And Apennine’s grey vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge earth-shaking beast.

XXVI.

“Hurrah ! for the good weapons
That keep the War-god’s land.
Hurrah ! for Rome’s stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand.

Hurrah ! for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way.

XXVII.

" Hurrah ! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah ! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Ho ! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight ?
Ho ! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white ?

XXVIII.

" Hurrah ! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah ! for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belt set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles.
The brass that seems to speak ;—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

XXIX.

" Hurrah ! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,

Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
 Thrice drawn in triumph home.
 Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
 The third embroidered gown :
 Make ready the third lofty car,
 And twine the third green crown ;
 And yoke the steeds of Rosea
 With necks like a bended bow,
 And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
 The bull as white as snow.

XXX.

" Blest and thrice blest the Roman
 Who sees Rome's brightest day,
 Who sees that long victorious pomp
 Wind down the Sacred Way,
 And through the bellowing Forum,
 And round the Suppliant's Grove,
 Up to the everlasting gates
 Of Capitolian Jove.

XXXI.

" Then where, o'er two bright havens,
 The towers of Corinth frown ;
 Where the gigantic King of Day
 On his own Rhodes looks down ,
 Where soft Orontes murmurs
 Beneath the laurel shades ;
 Where Nile reflects the endless length
 Of dark-red colonnades ;
 Where in the still deep water,
 Sheltered from waves and blasts,
 Bristles the dusky forest
 Of Byrsa's thousand masts ;

Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice ;
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice ;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
The mighty name of Rome."

IVRY.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters, 5
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre. 10

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ; 15
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre. 20

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save our Lord the
King !

An if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may, 5
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of
war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin. 10
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest, 15
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned
his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain. 20
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
" Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, " No Frenchman is my foe : 25
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;

And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en, 5

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host may know

How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point
of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre. 10

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; Ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be 15
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Geneviève, keep watch and ward to-
night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;

And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre. 20

(Written in 1824.)

THE ARMADA :

A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day, 5
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase. 10
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ; 15
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the
drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells. 20
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard
field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters
lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, 5
fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your
blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of 10
gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame 15
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of
fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless 20
caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down ;

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red
light,

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence 5
broke,

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of
fear ;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder 10
cheer :

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each
roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike 15
errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
the north ;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :

All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from 20
hill to hill :

Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
 height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
 light,
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
 fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
 plain;
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent, 5
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled
 pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle

.

(Written in 1832.)

NOTES TO "HORATIUS"

Stanza 1. **The Year of the City, 360**, that is B.C. 394, Rome having been founded in B.C. 754. The date given for the defence of the bridge by Horatius Coc'les is B.C. 507. This ballad, therefore, is supposed to be sung about 113 years after the event it celebrates.

S. 1. **Lars**, king or chief; an Etruscan title.

S. 1. **Clusium**, one of the chief towns of Etruria, the district lying just north of Rome now called Tuscany.

S. 1. **the Nine Gods**, the nine great gods worshipped by the Etruscans. These people were of an entirely different race from the Romans, and their language had no connection with Latin

S. 1. **house of Tarquin**. The Tarquin family gave two kings to Rome. Tarquinius Superbus the last King of Rome was expelled for his misrule B.C. 510.

S. 1. **a trysting day**, an appointed day when people agree to meet.

S. 1. **array**, host of warriors, army.

S. 3. **amain**, in strong force: with all one's might.

S. 3. **purple Apennine**, referring to the colour of the mountains as seen in the distance.

S. 4. **Volaterræ**, one of the twelve chief cities of Etruria; it is called "lordly" from its commanding position on a hill 1800 feet high.

S. 4. **Populonia**, the chief sea-port of Etruria on a peninsula near the isle of Elba.

S. 5. **Pisæ**, an important port of Etruria on the river Arnus.

S. 5. **Massilia**, Marseille; an ancient Greek colony in the south of Gaul (France).

S. 5. **trireme**, an ancient galley driven by three banks of oars.

S. 5. **fair-haired slaves**, from the interior of Gaul.

S. 5. **Clanis**, a river in Etruria.

S. 5. **Cortona**, one of the twelve chief cities of Etruria; a fragment of the ancient wall is 120 feet high.

S. 6. **Auser**, a river in Etruria which fell into the Arnus at Pisæ.

S. 6. **champ**, chew, eat.

S. 6. **Ciminian hill**, a range of heights in Etruria densely covered with woods.

S. 6. **Clitumnus**, a river in Umbria which falls into the Tiber on the eastern boundary of Etruria.

S. 6. **fowler**, one who hunts wild fowl.

S. 6. **Volsinian mere**, a large lake in Etruria near the town of Volsinii. "mere" means pool or lake.

S. 8. **Arretium**, one of the twelve chief cities of Etruria famous for its wine and corn.

S. 8. **Umbro**, one of the largest rivers of Etruria.

S. 8. **Luna**, a town in the north of Etruria.

S. 8. **must**, the juice of grapes as trodden out in the vats before it is fermented into wine.

S. 9. **thirty chosen prophets**. The Etruscan priests or seers sought to ascertain the will of the gods by watching the signs given by the flight of birds, the direction of lightning, the entrails of victims, or in other ways. The Romans borrowed their system of soothsaying from the Etruscans.

S. 9. **the verses**, sacred writings.

S. 9. **from the right**, the Etruscans wrote from right to left.

S. 9. **of yore**, of old.

S. 10. **dome**, here means house, palace.

S. 10. **Nurscia**, a Sabine town in the Apennines some distance east of Etruria.

S. 10. **the golden shields of Rome**. In the reign of King Numa one golden shield of Mars fell from heaven, eleven others were made exactly like it to prevent the risk of loss by theft. These twelve shields were carefully preserved at Rome under the charge of special priests.

S. 11. **tale**, due number. Compare "He telleth the number of the stars".

S. 11. **Sutrium**, an old Etruscan town, not very far north of Rome.

S. 12. **banished Roman**, those who took the side of the expelled Tarquin family.

S. 12. **Tusculan**, of Tusculum, a town of Latium, 10 miles south-east of Rome.

S. 12. **Octavius Mamilius**, the chief of Tusculum to whom Tarquinius Superbus gave his daughter in marriage.

S. 12. **Latian**. The Latins were of the same race as the Romans, but at this time they were enemies to the Romans and naturally allies of the Etruscans.

S. 13. **Tiber**, the water of this river is very muddy and the Roman poets often called it "yellow".

S. 13. **champaign**, flat, open country: the plain near the City is the famous "Roman Campagna".

S. 14. **litter**, a kind of bed or couch on which those who could not, or would not, walk were carried from place to place.

S. 15. **kine**, a more poetical word for cattle.

S. 16. **rock Tarpeian**. The Tarpeian rock was part of the Capitoline Hill at Rome named after Tarpeia who was killed by the Sabines there for an act of treachery.

S. 16. **The Fathers of the City**, the Roman Senate, or council of 300 elders who governed Rome.

S. 17. **Crustumerium**, a town of the Sabines a few miles north-east of Rome.

S. 17. **Verbenna, Astur**, Etruscan chiefs.

S. 17. **Ostia**, the port at the mouth of the Tiber; Rome itself was 16 miles up the river.

S. 17. **Janiculum**, a hill with a fortress on the other (or Etruscan) side of the Tiber, connected with Rome by a bridge.

S. 18. **I wis**, or rather **Ywis**, assuredly, certainly (= Germ. **Gewiss**).

S. 18. **Consul**. When the kings were driven from Rome their power was given to two chief magistrates called Consuls, who were chosen every year. There were two of them because the Romans were jealous of one man holding too much power.

S. 19. **The River-Gate**, a gate on the west of early Rome near the wooden bridge, called the "Pile Bridge," which led to the fortress of the Janiculum across the river.

S. 19. **mus**ing, thinking over, considering.

S. 21. **dark-blue light**, reflected from their steel helmets.

S. 22. **twelve fair cities**. The Etruscans had a league of twelve allied cities of which Clusium, the city of Porsena, was the most important.

S. 22. **the Umbrians**, an Italian people who lived in Umbria to the east of Etruria.

S. 22. **the Gauls**, a Celtic people of the same race as the people of Gaul (ancient France) who lived in the country north of Etruria as far as the Alps.

S. 23. **port and vest**, martial bearing and dress.

S. 23. **Lucumo**, the title of an Etruscan chieftain. Each of the twelve cities had its Lucumo.

S. 23. **Arretium**, one of the most important of the twelve Etruscan cities. Its Lucumo was Cilnius.

S. 23. **roan**, a reddish-brown horse.

S. 23. **four-fold shield**, made of four layers of leather or wood.

S. 23. **brand**, sword.

S. 23. **Tolumnius**, the Lars or Chief of the Etruscan city of Veii.

S. 23. **hold**, stronghold, fortress.

S. 23. **Thrasymene**. Trasimene, a large lake in Etruria not far from Clusium.

S. 24. **Sextus Tarquinius** was the son of T. Superbus. He cruelly wronged Lucretia, the wife of a kinsman. It was his crime that led to the fall of the Tarquins.

S. 26. **van**, short for vanguard, their foremost warriors.

S. 27. **Captain of the Gate**, commanding the guard at the "River Gate".

S. 28. **the holy maidens**, the Vestal Virgins who tended the ever-burning fire in the temple of Vesta.

S. 29. **strait**, narrow.

S. 30. **Ramnian**. The ruling class of Romans, or Patricians, were divided into three tribes, the Ramnians, the Titians and the Luceres.

S. 33. **Tribunes**, magistrates specially appointed to protect the common people, or Plebeians, from being oppressed by the Patricians, or "the high".

S. 33. **beard**, to defy face to face.

S. 33. **wax**, grow.

S. 33. **faction**, party spirit.

S. 34. **harness**, armour.

S. 34. **Fathers, Commons**, Patricians, Plebeians.

S. 34. **planks, props**. This wooden bridge was called the "Pile Bridge".

S. 35. **Tuscan**, Etruscan.

S. 37. **Tifernum**, a town in Umbria near the boundary of Etruria on the east not far from the source of the Tiber.

S. 37. **Ilva**, the island of Elba, famous for its iron mines.

S. 37. **vassal**, subject to.

S. 37. **Nequinum**, a town in the South of Umbria. The Umbrians were Italians like the Romans, but some of them helped the Etruscans.

S. 37. **lowers**, looks frowning down upon.

S. 37. **pale . . . Nar**, a tributary of the Tiber, the waters of which contain much sulphur and are white in colour.

S. 39. **Falerii**, an important city in the South of Etruria.

S. 39. **Urge**, an Etrurian island lying north of Ilva. The Etruscans were great sailors, but besides lawful commerce practised piracy.

S. 39. **Volsinium**, one of the strongest of the twelve Etruscan cities on the north shore of the Volsinian Mere.

S. 39. **Cosa**, a town on the sea coast of Etruria.

S. 39. **Albinia**, a small river that falls into the sea not far from Cosa.

S. 40. **fell**, cruel.

S. 40. **Campania**, a district along the coast lying south of Latium. The "hinds" or peasants of those parts were exposed to raids of Etruscan pirates such as Lausulus.

S. 43. **she-wolf's litter**, the Romans. According to the Roman tale, Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, were suckled by a she-wolf.

S. 45. **sped**, swiftly made, as in the phrase "to speed a blow".

S. 46. **Mount Alvernus**, a spur of the Apennines in the east of Etruria: it is still covered with trees.

S. 46. **augurs**, priests at Rome who sought to ascertain the will of the gods from omens such as the flight of birds, lightning, etc.

S. 55. **dam**, a bank or other obstruction lying across (athwart) a stream.

S. 58. **craven**, cowardly.

S. 58. **Palatinus**, one of the seven hills of Rome not far from the bridge.

S. 60. **crest**, the plume on his helmet.

S. 62. **I ween**, I suppose.

S. 63. **stay**, the delay caused by Horatius' brave defence.

S. 63. **feat**, gallant deed, exploit.

S. 66. **Comitium**, the public meeting place at Rome, part of the Forum.

S. 67. **Volscians**, an Italian people of Latium, south of Rome, who were constantly fighting with the Romans.

S. 67. **Juno**, the goddess worshipped by wives and mothers.

S. 68. **Algidus**, a range of hills in Latium, near Tusculum, clothed with woods.

S. 70. **shuttle**, the little instrument used in weaving that shoots the thread of the woof between the threads of the warp.

NOTES TO "THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS".

Stanza 1. **Lake Regillus**, a lake in Latium, south of Rome, where the Romans defeated the Latians B.C. 496. It is now dried up.

S. 1. **Castor and Pollux**, twin heroes, "the twin brethren," sons of Zeus or Jupiter, honoured as gods.

S. 1. **Ides of Quintilis**. 15th July, the anniversary of the battle and the day on which a festival was held in honour of Castor and Pollux in memory of the aid they gave to the Romans.

S. 1. **The Year of the City 451**, that is B.C. 303.

S. 1. **lictors**, officers in attendance on the chief magistrates: one of their duties was to clear the way for them.

S. 1. **Knights**, members of the wealthier class of Romans who in these early times served as cavalry.

S. 1. **will ride . . . to-day**, from B.C. 304 this ride from the temple of Mars past the temple of Castor and Pollux to the Capitol took place every year on 15th July.

S. 1. **Castor**, the temple of Castor and Pollux on the south side of the Roman Forum, built on the spot where they watered their steeds after the battle.

S. 1. **Mars**, similarly means the temple of Mars, the God of War, built outside the city wall to the south.

S. 1. **the Yellow River**, the Tiber, which is much discoloured with mud.

S. 1. **the Sacred Hill**, a hill 3 miles north-east of Rome, famous as the place to which the common people withdrew in B.C. 494 and compelled the Patricians to allow special magistrates, the Tribunes, to be appointed to look after their interests.

S. 1. **Martian Kalends**, the 1st of March, the festival on which the sacred fire was renewed in the temple of Vesta, and the matrons gave special homage to Juno.

S. 1. **December's Nones**, 5th December, when a rural festival was held in honour of Faunus.

S. 1. **Ides**, the 13th or 15th of the month.

S. 1. **whitest day**, happiest and full of good omens. In English we speak of "a red letter day".

